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Cheater

Daniel Jameson

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Setting: Motel Room

A man laying down on his bed, muttering to himself. His girlfriend has kicked him out for cheating on her.

MAN: (*laying on his bed. A few beats pass and then*) I should eat.

He grabs the potato chips while TV is on.

He then notices the audience of people waiting to hear about what he did.

MAN: Um [*beat*] okay then. (*putting the chips away*) Okay. (*Says the next couple sentences with chips in his mouth*) I guess I should try to explain myself. Um. [*beat*] Yeah I uh... She said that we were done, which, made sense, aaaaand she kicked me out and said “I don’t even know who you are anymore.” And then proceeded to throw all our framed pictures into the front yard along with my clothes, which, again, made sense.

[Beat]

It was never about... It wasn’t out of spite or like...I don’t even... look yes what I did was wrong, but in a very real sense what I did was absolutely the right thing to do. She was dragging me down. Aaaaand it was always something I thought about when I was with her; that thought being “this isn’t...right.” It was never about her. It wasn’t even about me. It was about this weird voice in my head that every time I saw her said “YOU ARE LYING! YOU DON’T LOVE HER!” And I didn’t like that voice.

And, okay. [Beat] It’s...okay it’s not like I chose to do it, right? Like, I didn’t sit down one day and think “You know what I should do, betray Rachel’s love and trust by having sex with someone other than her. That’d be a swell idea.” NO obviously this wasn’t a planned-out thing it just kind of... I don’t know it just [*beat*] it happened. Yes of course I thought I was going to get away with it. Why the fuck would I think I was going to get caught? She came home at three in the god damn afternoon. Who gets home at three in the god damn afternoon?

I knew it was going to happen when it started happening and there was no stopping it. The snowball had turned into the avalanche. And he... they said that they wouldn’t tell anyone. He wouldn’t tell anyone. HE promised me. And... it’s... (he lets it all go) I’m just so scared. So scared. Why did she have to come home at three in the god damn afternoon. I can’t be like this. Not now. Not ever. God I’m so scared.

You know when I was six years old, maybe, I asked my mom if I could get the Barbie makeup head for Christmas. (*wiping tears away*) I know, I’m a stereotype embodied but I really [*beat*] really wanted that decapitated smiling head to put makeup on. (*joking around makes him feel better*) And you know she hit me and called me a fag like she did with my brother, and I heard her crying to my father that night that her son was going to hell for being a homosexual. I was six. And I’m damned to hell.

Rachel I think always kind of knew. If not I wouldn't be too surprised, but she didn't exactly have to be Indiana fucking Jones to figure it out. I was depressed for months and any sight of her just bothered me. And that's why I got talking with this guy Davey. I just wanted someone to dump all my troubles on. No consequences, no follow ups. Just dump and run. And then he gave me some advice. And I got the advice I needed, just not the advice I wanted. Or... no... I wanted to... I didn't want to but it just... I needed to. Yeah, I needed to. And the collateral damage is Rachel threw my Lego Millennium Falcon from the second story onto the sidewalk. And I lost my best friend. And my family. I think.

I should call them.